CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

William K. Vanderbilt Returns to New York in the Genuine English Style.

How the Ultra-Fashionable People Pass Time at Lenex-Gossip About Nat Goodwin and a Pair of German Stage Celebrities.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. New York, Sept. 22.—The long musical blast of a horn was heard in Central Park yesterday afternoon. Listeners knew that the blower belonged to a four-in-hand coach, and very soon the strokes of sixteen equine feet on the asphalt roadway preceded the low rumble of wheels. Then four big bay horses dashed into sight, flecked with foam and breathing heavily, but with none of their spirit broken by ten or twelve miles of fast going. They drew a vehicle very much of a pattern like the old-fashioned stage coaches of our great-grandfathers, but more compact and with better accommodations for occupants on its roof than inside. The driver was a whiskered man, still entitled to be called young, and he wore a gray frock cost, closely buttoned to his chin, with a high felt hat to match in color. This was William K. Vanderbilt, and by his side sat his handsome and famously-stylish wife, clad from top to toe in dull green. A couple who sat on the seat next behind were Colonel and Mrs. Jay, belonging. to your swell Fifth-avenue coterie, and with them were Oliver Belmont, a scion of the very important Belmont family. In the rear seat were two men in livery, one of whom was tooting a horn. The secluded interior of the coach held one male servant and three females, besides a stock of delicacies to eat and drink, and extra garments for warmth when desired. Such was William K. Vanderbilt's manner of taking the town after an absence of considerably more than a year, for he had not returned to New York since his arrival from Europe in the summer. His coaching trip had taken him from his country-seat at Newport to Lennox, in the Berkshire Hills, and thence down the Hudson river valley to the metropolis. The Central Fark multitudes stared at the show in mixed admiration and envy, and so did promenaders in the portion of Fifth avenue traversed before arriving at the particular Vanderbilt mansion owned by Willie Vanderbilt.

The Vanderbilts and other of our social magnates have been having a high old time at Lenox, but especially have the Vanderbilts given themselves up to jolly festivities. All the sons and daughters of the late William K. Vanderbilt have been assembled there within the past ten days. The gathering included the Sloanes, the Shepards and the Webbs, those names belonging to fortunate cons-in-law of the dead Cræsus. William D. Sloane is a millionaire on his own account, for he was rich when he married into still greater wealth, but Elliott F. Shepard and Seward Webb were of no account financially before they struck fortune In wedlock. The goings-on were a con-densation of liveliness, because the Lenox season is a very brief autumnal episode in the life of our wealthiest pleasure-seekers. Besides, this resort in the Berkshire hills is secluded, and the people who go there feel relieved of some of the restraint of city conventionality. Your correspondent has returned to town with a somewhat confused memory of a ladies' day of lawn sports at the Lenox Club, where the beaux and belies were picturesque if not extremely athletic; of an excursion by coaches and carriages to the Lebanon Shakers, where the gay garb of fashion and the dun costume of the Shakeresses made a memorable contrast; of an amateur theatrical entertainment in a fine, new barn, with enough jolly dancing after it to atone for the inanity of the acting; of an archery party given by the wife of Secretary Whitney, with mandolin players and a luncheon on the lawn; and of receptions, coaching parties, equestrian excursions and all the other modish methods of diversion. But the great overshadowing event was a ball given by Mrs. Sloane, at Elm Court, the Lenox home of the Sloanes, one of the several show places of Berkshire county. It may be a sordid, unpoetical way of putting it, but there is a condensed meaning in the fact that a little over \$18,000 worth of spiendor was given to the guests that evening. Two distinguished artists were brought from New York to design and supervise the wondrous decorations of the premises, and they were not stinted as to either quantity or quality of materials used. Two large orchestras were fetched up from Gotham. The midnight supper was a marvel, and to produce it a famous New York restaurant was practically transported. Half a dozen singers were hired to interpolate a few minutes each of vocal melody. And all around the edges of this gorgeous affair were throngs of rustics, with staring eyes and wide-open ears, wondering if it was all actual, or whether they were dreaming about some extravagant tale of fiction. The arrival in the afternoon of William K. Vanderbilt, Seward Webb and two others in their fourhorse coaches may have struck the vision of the country folks like multiplied princes going to a Cinderella ball. But the only princess there would hardly have satisfied the demand of imagination, for she was the stout, middle - aged and altogether commonplacelooking Princess Henrietta, of Schles-wig-Holstein, a guest of the Sloanes. If a Cinderella had been looked for she might have been found embodied in Miss Romeyn Shepard, so fa. as juvenile prettiness went, although she had by no means been transformed by fairy magic from a ragged einder picker to a deli-cately-clad heiress. By the way, I am able to Queer Injury to a Valuable Animal—Food make a correction on behalf of Miss Shepard. "Some horrid paragraphs have said that this was to be my coming-out ball," the fair fifteenyear-old said. "Why, I saw such an item in papa's own paper," by which she meant the New York Mail and Express. "I only happen to be here at auntie's house making a visit, and so they have let me stay at the ball, but I have not

come out yet, and won't until a year from next winter. The distinction between a girl who is "out" and one who isn't may not seem important to some folks, but it is emphatically drawn in Fifth-avenue society. Before a girl formally makes her debut in society, she receives no invitations to formal entertainments of any kind. she goes to no public balls, and in theory she is yet a child. If once in a while she does appear at some consequential festivity, as in the case of Miss Shepard at the Sloanes' ball, it doesn't count, and she is not regarded as an actual participant. When the time appointed comes to introduce her as a young lady, a ball or reception is given to distinguish her emergence, and thereafter she is just as much of a belle as she can manage by means of beauty. Brains and boodle to become.

A lawsuit is actually going to be begun against Nat Goodwin, the comedian, unless he prevents it by paying \$10,000 to Lelia Farrell. The complaint has been written out by her lawyers, and a summons is ready to be served upon Goodwin as soon as he comes to this State, which he must do soon if he keeps his theatrical engagements. The case will be interesting legally, as well as socially and theatrically, because the question will be raised in court whether a promise by a man with a wife to marry a girl as soon as that wife dies can be successfully made the ground for obtaining damages. At the time when, as Lelia says, Goodwin pledged himself to wed her he had a living wife in the person of Eliza Weathersby, the very handsome burlesque actress. Eliza was his discoverer and developer artistically. She was older than him by at least ten years, and had come to America originally with the Lydia Thompson company. Although her acting was in the frisky line of buriesque, she was a very intelligent, amiable and steady woman, who saved considerable money out of her large salary. When she came across Goodwin, he had been only a short time away from the variety shows, and it was she who encouraged and instructed him in his progress as a legitimate comedian. She was ill for three years with a tumor, and before the surgical operation, which was a forlorn hope, she made a will leaving about \$12,000 to her husband. Death ensued at once. Leha Farrell was a burlesquer, too, and far giddier than Mrs. Weathersby-Goodwin had ever been. New York ladies who go to theaters recall her as the first actress to wear black underskirts with short dresses-a fashion which has since been taken up by very many stage dancers. Lovemaking between Goodwin and Lelis began when the burlesque "Little Jack Shepard" was produced in this city, a year ago last winter. Both played parts in that piece, and Lelia won considerable attention by an interpolated dance rather than by any histrion ability. The recollection of others in the company is that there was a rivalry among several of the girls for the star comedian's favor, and that for | communion." Dr. McGlynn stated that on only awhile it was a neck and neck race by them, one other occasion since he left St. Stephen's but very soon Lelia was oftener taken out to bad he administered the sacraments of the above, but any discussion of the men who get 9,000 men and 12,000 to 15,000 girls and midnight suppers than her competitors, and at | church. The body of the unknown man to | up swell suits at three prices for society dudes | length she beat them out of sight. At the close | whom Dr. McGlynn gave the sacrament reof the season, she and Goodwin paired off for a | mained at the morgue all day and though many | tion. After all, these favored ones are few in trip to Europe, while Mrs. Goodwin remained | called it was not identified.

an invalid here, grieving bitterly over her hus-band's conduct, and yet telling her intimate friends that she would forgive him in case he returned. The next development was that Lelia became ill, mysteriously, and was sent to southern California. She said that she was consumptive, and that a mild, equable climate was essential to her recovery. She did not look emaciated before going, and if her malady was at that time dangerous it found a cure in the glorious climate of California, for she returned plump and hearty. Since coming back she has lived at 209 West Thirty-fourth street, in apartments provided and formshed by Goodwin. When he went away on his present dramstic tour, she desired to go along and he wouldn't take her. His friends understood that he had decided to part company with her, and had placed his affectious elsewhere. That is why she wants ten thousand dollars of his money, and will invoke the law to get it. "Lelia won't get a cent," says a law-yer authorized to speak for the defense. She says that she has a bundle of letters from Goodwin, in which he many times promises to marry her. If she will read them over carefully again she will find that he does nothing of the sort. What she will find will be such sentences as, "I shall never marry anybody else," or "The man who wouldn't marry a girl like you isn't made of flesh and blood," or "I can't imagine greater happiness than with you in matrimony." I don't know how many similar phrases are scattered through Nat's correspondence, which he admits was of an airy and romanue character, but he never once offered to marry her, notwithstanding all his rhapsodies about the bliss possible to such a union. In other words, he was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and so was she. She didn't believe for an instant that he was a serious wooer, and it is going to bother her to make it appear so to a

About five years ago Kathie Schratt and Sophie

Pferdner were members of the Thalia Theater

Company in this city. They were engaged in Europe by Heinrich Conried, whose long experience in German theatrical management had made him a connoisseur of women as well as artists. Kathie Schratt was heralded by a blaze of trumpets, for she was engaged as a star. Sophie Pferdner's arrival attracted no attention, for she was merely one of the minor atoms of a large cargo of Tentonic talent imported for the entertainment of play-goers. Kathie Schratt is remembered as a young woman of rounded figure and attractive face, and essentially feminine and lovable manner, which endeared her to her audiences. Those who appreciate dramatic art will remember her Cypri-enne, in "Divorcons," as by far the best interpretation of that difficult role that has been seen in New York. She played the part as Sardou wrote it, not as her predecessors had interpreted it. In her hands Cyprience was not an experienced woman of the world, with a tendency toward fastness, but an unsophisticated young wife unreasonably discontented with her lot and filled by a childish curiosity in regard to the world, of which she knows nothing. The Schratt's Cyprienne was, in short, a "married ingenue," which was undoubtedly what Sardou intended that she should be. Sophie Pferdner's greatest stage triumph was achieved as the Lieutenant in the "Merry War," in which role her round figure made a deep impression on the susceptible dudes who saw her. It was not long before her nightly exit through the stage-door sent a distinct thrill through the ranks of those who loitered near it. When she arrived in New York she was a rather commonplace girl, simple in dress, and evidently more accustomed to beer and frankfurter than champagne and truffles. She went with the "Merry War" company to Chicago, and it was there that she eloped with Fred De Belleville, at that time a member of the Union-square com-pany, and the supposed husband of Edith De Belleville, a far more attractive and beautiful woman than the one for whom he abandoned her. Sophie visited the Thalia Theater one evening after her union with De Belleville, and dazzled her former associates by her dashing manners and her lavish personal adornment. She were a tailor-made dress, plumed hat and a fur-lined circular. She looked as if she were in the habit of drinking champagne, and certainly no one would have dared to offer beer to her, so glittering was her appearance. In a short time she wearied of De Belleville, and departed suddealy for Europe, where nothing was heard of her for two or three years, until a new arrival at the Thalia Theater brought the startling intelligence that Sophie had made a profound impression on no less a person than Prince William, now the Emperor of Germany, and was living in great style and splendor in Berlin. She managed somehow to obtain such a strong influence over the young Prince that the affair was the subject of several grave con-sultations between Bismarck and the old Emperor William, the result of which was that one morning Franlein Sophie Pferdner was, by special command of his Majesty, conducted under police escort to the Prussian frontier and forbidden to set foot again on her native soil. But the young Emperor is his own master now, and it is whispered that, if not already in Berlin, the ex-chorus girl of the Thalia will soon regain the sway she formerly held over him. Kathie Schratt's career in America was marked by no sensational episode. It is said that during her stay here she remained faithful to the husband she left in Germany and to the handsome leading actor who played the opposite parts to her; a degree of constancy which must have raised her to the rank of a vestal in the eyes of the other members of the company. She returned to Europe, where, strange to say, she assumed a role similar to that filled by her former associate of the Thalia. She went to Vienna, and there captivated the mature fancy of the Emperor Joseph, of Austria, who has established her in a superb villa not far from the imperial residence at Ischl, where he pays her almost daily visits, thereby causing the tongues of his devout subjects to wag in-CLARA BELLE.

A SPOON-FED HORSE.

Given It Like a Baby.

Philaderphia Record. A pure white Arabian mare that is being ted with a spoon is one of the curiosities that excites the interest and sympathies of the horsemen of Montgomery county. The animal belongs to John M. Wilson, of Norristown, and it is suffering from a most singular fracture of the jawbone. The injury is known as a fracture of the inferior maxilla of the lower jaw-bone posterior to the incisor teeth. Both bones of the animal's jaw are broken completely off, and the lower portion of the jaw is now being held in place by a mask of pliable copper, lined with cotton. The case is exciting widesprend interest among veterinary surgeons.

The accident to the animal occurred last Sunday night. While tied with a halter in its stall at Mr. Wilson's stables, it broke loose, and while minging with the other horses, was kicked squarely on the front of the jaw. Dr. H. O. Dengier, a veterinary surgeon residing in Norristown, was summoned, and he found that the jaw was twisted to one side, and that the animal appeared to be suffering but little pain. After an examination of the fracture he reset the broken bones temporarily, and applied a truss to the mare's head, and then bandaged it

On Monday Dr. Dengler telegraphed to C. J. Blank, of Easton, and J. Reinhart Z. Keelor, of Harleysville, Montgomery county, two veterinary surgeous, with whom he held a consultation. They made an exhaustive search of the archives of animal fractures, but could not find a similar case to the one they had under discussion, where both bones of the jaw had been broken at the same time. Dr. Dengler then permanently set the broken jaw, an entire day being spent in the operation. The copper mask is kept tightly pressed to the animal's head, and its mouth is kept in a bucket of cold water to reduce the swelling in the jaw. The mare is kept in slings, which are securely attached to the roof of the stable, so as to guard against her lying down to go to sleep. The canvas slings will be kept about her body for about four weeks, by which time Dr. Dengler anticipates a

marked improvement in the fracture. During that time it will be impossible for the animal to take ordinary nourishment, and she will be gept on a diet of milk, eggs, catmeal, butter and gruel. This diet will be administered with a spoon, as the mouth is open but a little more than an inch. The animal is in a comfortable condition, and it is believed that by careful nursing and skillful surgical treatment it will soon recover.

The mare is a beautiful specimen of horseflesh. It is of the purest white. It is one of a team which Mr. Wilson uses with his family carriage, and it has been admired, with its mate, by hundreds of persons familiar with valuable

Dr. McGlynn Gives Absolution.

New York Special. "Once a priest, always a priest," said Dr. McGlynn to-day when asked about his action of the previous night in administering the sacrament of extreme unction to a dying man at the anti-poverty meeting. "Such an occasion does not often occur, but when it does it is confessedly right and proper and even a duty to do precisely what I did. I knelt beside the man, prayed for him and gave him conditional absolution for his sins, hoping that he might be penitent. It is not true that I gave him the holy ENGLISH WAGE WORKERS

The "Cheap Clothing" of England, and the Men and Women Who Make It.

The "Sweating System" at Leeds, Bradford and Halifax-A Passing Glance at the Cotton Spinners and Weavers.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. MANCHESTER, Sept. 10 .- "But you get clothing so much cheaper there."

How many times every one in America has heard this advanced as a final and convincing argument in favor of old England as a blissful abiding place. And the other side of this argument is-for it has two sides-"But they make clothing so much cheaper over there." This side of the matter, perhaps, hasn't received the attention it deserves, and so, if you please, we will take a look at the great wool district in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and another at the greater cotton district of Lancashire.

I was walking, the other morning, along a dingy street in Leeds, wondering why everything was so quiet, when all of a sudden a most prodigious and unaccountable clamor arose. Out of one of the foulest alleys lying down toward the River Aire there emerged a throng of bareheaded girls, of butchers' lads with greasy aprons, of mothers bearing the latest babe at breast, of old men with long coats and venerable gray beards, all rushing along the street as fast as their hob-nailed shoes would let them. Every moment the excitement grew and spread. The doors of the houses were banged open and swarms of people poured out and joined the mob. With questions and answers, with shouted directions and much pointing of fingers this way and that, they ran hither and thither as if possessed. There had been but a knot of eighteen or twenty at first; in a minute there were hundreds; in ten minutes there must have been 2,000 people in the streets, and their agitated cries swelled into a hoarse roar which drew yet others from further off.

And then for the first time-for though this was the heart of an English city not a word of their talk could I understand-I heard one of a group of women standing near, say to another who had just come running up. "It's a Jew bairn fall'n into the beck."

One of the butcher lads, it seems, while crossing by bridge a little stream, scarcely more than an open sewer, which flows through that part of the town, had seen the white, staring upturned face of a child as its body had been swept down toward the Aire by the turbulent muddy cur-

'It isn't a Jew baby," shouted another woman to the group as she dashed past towards the river. The transformation was magic. The little knot of English women, who had been taking things very coolly, became as anxious as the rest and joined the cry, each dreading lest she should find in the drowned child her own darling. For long after that there were women, light-haired and sturdy, and of pure Saxon type some of them, and more, far more, unmistakably daughters of Israel, rushing up and down the streets in search of their children and catching them up in glad arms when found for passionate kisses and embraces.

Before hearing the cause of the tumult, at the instant indeed that the van of the discoverers came in sight, the question had flashed upon me "Where have I seen those people before?" And then, catching sight of a venerable old man muffled, in spite of the warmth of the day, in a closely buttoned coat falling below his knees, with ringlets lying upon his shoulders and with sad, beautiful dark eyes now lit up with excitement, I remembered when and under what circumstances I had seen people just like these. It was in the year 1882 when the anti-Semitic fever in Russia and Poland was at its height. Thousands of poor persecuted Hebrews, robbed of all they possessed and driven helpless from home, had taken refuge, some in England, some in America, and the Hebrews of New York, than whom no people in the world are more ready to help the unfortunate of any race, had bastily fitted up places of shelter for the refugees until employment could be found for them. In one of these barracks, surrounded by the most pitiable scenes of sorrow, bereavement and destitution, I had heard the story of the wrongs and sufferings of men and. women the precise counterpart of those who were filling the streets about me. It was the Jewish quarter of Leeds, and these were the Hebrew tailors called from their work by the alarm.

An English tailor whom I met that eventful morning described with a characteristic British growl the transformation which twenty years had wrought in that quarter.

"Of've lived 'ere forty-three year. 'Ere where once 'twere all good English trade, I can't buy my Sunday dinner without buying it of a Jew. That shop down there is kept by a Jew; there's another on that corner, another over you, and the last's an Italian. They keeps all the shops 'ereabouts except the public 'ouses. Hand they've ruined trade with their coming 'ere."

The Briton had hardly overstated the Hebraizing of the quarter. The signs in the shops are Hebrew, the Hebrew countenance is worn by three out of every four persons on the street. They conduct all the butcher-shops which the grumbler had to patronize for his fresh meat once a week; they preside over rag and junk stores, and, above all, they are the working journeymen tailors of the district. Where twenty-five years ago there were not ten men of their faith, 7,000 souls are now living. Partly as immigrants seeking easier conditions of life, far more often as refugees fleeing from inhuman treatment, now in Russia and now in Germany, they had brought thither their poverty, their virtues, their thrift, their patience, their industry, to seek the shelter of British fair play, to build anew their shattered fortunes from the very foundation in the slums of an English town. And here they are in Moscow street (very appropriate name). Hope street (not at all appropriate), Pink and Rose street (yet not sweet smelling with their heaps of rags and the nameless odors of their dust bins). Cloth street (appropriate again), Templer street, Bridge street and the rest, as busy as bees when kind Provi

And that, unfortunately, is not always. Whether from the sudden accession of so many new workers or from whatever other cause may be assigned, the rates of wages and the amount of work to be had in the ready-made clothing trade have together declined. On this point one can speak with the utmost assurance from the figures of Mr. J. Burnett, labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, who has made a special study of the sweating system in

dence sends them work to do.

Mr. Burnett finds that the Hebrew refugees are largely employed in the various branches of the tailoring trades, in shops ranging in size from twelve to forty "hands," whose work is turned over by the bosses acting as middlemen to larger factors for the great clothing houses. Mr. Burnett reported that the men and the masters give a very different account both of the daily rate of wages paid and the average amount of work furnished weekly. The masters' statements of the amount of work por week differ, the average being about four days and a half. The men say they get about three days' work a week. From these and the other figures of the report the following tables are prepared:

First-What the hands say they earn per week:

 Fixers.
 \$1.35 to \$4.46

 Skilled machine runners, male.
 4.35 to 4.83

 Poor machine runners, male.
 1.46 to 4.21

 Good women machine runners..... 3.64 to 3.76 Poor women machine runners..... 0.60 to 2.55 Pressers off...... 0.60 to 4.36 Second-What the bosses say the hands earn per | 1.80 to 7.64 | 1.80

Buttonholers..... 4.37 to 5.45 Whether one accepts the statement of the work-people or that of the bosses as the more accurate, or splits the difference, he is forced to the conclusion that the Leeds tailors are not living in clover. Yet the newspapers of Leeds and of London agree that in the latter city the sweaters' victims are a good deal worse off; and, indeed, a little personal investigation on this point is conclusive. For while the wages in London are no higher and often lower, rent is twice as dear and many other necessaries considerably more

Of course, Leeds is a great city, with many industries of which tailoring is but one. Of course, too, there are tailors, artists in their way, who get better wages than those quoted has nothing to do with the cheap clothing quescomparison. For it must be remembered that I

Mr. Burnett's figures apply to English as well as Hebrew tailors, the latter being indeed preferred by many bosses.

But before the cloth can be made up the yarn must be spun and the wool weven. The whole West Riding of Yorkshire is full of spinners and weavers, both of suit and dress goods. Bradford is the center of the latter line of goods. It is an exceedingly bustling place of considerably over 200,000 inhabitants, and knowing ones look upon it as one of the "future great." The Midland railroad is gambling on its prosperity to the extent of putting up a magnificent new stone station and hotel, nearly completed. I was there only one day, but thought it, next to Manchester and Birmingham, the liveliest business place I had seen in England proper. There are here no such hordes of the unemployed as one sees and hears in London, in Hyde Park and twenty places of less fame, inciting each other to imitate the French Revolutionists and "march on the palaces." Every one agrees that trade is fairly good, staple articles being subject to less fluctuation of demand than those of luxury or adornment. Perthe last few months, but is not bad. Yet wages, under the stress of competition, have not kept up to the standard of ten or six years ago. Lee Merriweather gives the average wages of weavers in 1880 as \$1.20 to \$1.42 per day for men and 69 cents for women, piece work, of course. The average rate for all England reached by the United States consular reports in 1884 was \$6.31 per week for men weavers, women in Bradford being put down at \$3.52 to \$4.38. At present a male weaver is doing fairly well who gets \$5 a week, while women's wages run from \$1.94 to \$3.50 for weaving, and for spicning rather less. Overlookers, wool sorters and the like, men of experience and judgment, may earn from \$6.50 to 89 a week. Boys will earn about \$2, and it need not be said that the boys and women all work. There are no idlers. The wool trade is infinitely complex, and dif-

ferent wages are paid in its various branches, but these few samples must suffice, for cheap clothing in Britain is a big subject.

And, of course, if there are cheap coats there must be cheap cotton thread to sew them. And there must be cheap linings and cheap cotton cloth to match. And this brings us to Manchester-Manchester, the founder of a great school of political economy, the center and distributing point of a region housing more souls than London, the cotton market of the Southern States, the cotton-goods mart of half the world. Manchester itself is rather commercial than

manufacturing, the larger factories being distributed through a network of smaller towns in South Lancashire, most of them in some way or other connected with the cotton trade. At Skipton I visited the large factory of Mesers. John Dewhurst & Sons, who have a still larger place at Salford, a Manchester suburb. The mill at Skipton was closed, owing to a fair, but I got an idea of the average earnings at piece-work of its employes. The men cotton weavers' earnings for a full week average in the neighborhood of \$5.58 or \$6, while women as spinners and winders earn upon an average some \$3.40 to \$4 per week when efficient. It was at Skipton that I ran upon one of those examples of family industry so common in English manufacturing towns. It was a family of six, the mother dead, the father prematurely aged by the noxious air of the factory, for the floating lint of the cotton mills sends many an English lad and lassie to an early grave. Of the six children every one had worked in the mills since childhood. Two grown daughters, married and moved away, still work at the old trade. The oldest son is in a South Lancashire town weaving, "and doing well, too, earning four-and-twenty bob (\$5.82) a week." The three youngest still work at Skip-ton. The decrepit father hawks vegetables in the street in a feeble sort of fashion.

Bear in mind that all these wages are computed for the full week, and their yearly total is sadly cut down by holidays more frequent than in America and by other enforced idleness. There are a good many unemployed in South Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire the cotton and wool centers respectively-but not so many nor in such stress of woe and wretchedness apparent upon the most casual glance as in London and the country around

Cheap boots and shoes are an important item in cheap clothing, and Northampton is the historic center of the shoe trade. In Northampton, Ketterly, Liecester and the shoe country generally the system of home work is much more common than in American shoe towns, with the natural and usual result of longer hours and poorer pay, except in the grades of work requiring the highest skill. Besides farming out their work in Northampton, the leading firms send out wagon-loads of shoes to be "finished" to all the surrounding country, where men and women and boys above school age work together

I visited the factory of H. E. Warren, one of the largest of the 200 in the place, and probably the newest and most complete. Work is provided in the shop for about 200 hands, and as many more are given work outside. The firm have seven London shops, do a considerable business in making fine order shoes for the London customers, and have also a large export trade. I was shown over the place after the manager had satisfied himself that he was not harboring a Yankee shoemaker unawares. New as it was, the shop was not so advanced as many smaller American ones in the matter of machinery. The use of heeling machines, for instance, was just being experimented with, most of the heels being still nailed on by hand, one

"And how much do the men earn at this?" "Oh, we have some men who earn as high as \$12.12 per week. That is, on good work. It is all cheap work that we send out to the villages." Women working at home earned very low wages, he said, being mainly employed on cheap

"Do you have much American trade?" He replied that they had and that they were beginning to be troubled by French and German competition. French and German work looked well, he said, but would not wear. This may be professional prejudice. Afterward I interviewed three working shoe-

makers on the subject of wages. This is the re-No. I was a stitcher on extra fine work, and evidently a man of considerable skill. He considered \$7.27 a fair week's work. Wages varied

somewhat according to the quality of goods made up, some paying better than others. No. I was skeptical of the superior advantages of America. He had heard that rents were \$20 a week. No. 2 was a finisher. By working very long hours-6 A. M. to 11 P. M.-at home he was able to earn \$6.54. No. 3 was a young man of much intelligence, and a bit of a politician in his way. He would

not give his own earnings, but made the general statement that, for men and boys as the trade runs, the wages won't average over \$3.61 a week. Smart women sometimes earn this sum. "But Mr. Paine, down at Randall's, told me that some of the men there earned \$12.12 a

"Oh, very likely some of them may, with two or three boys to help." No. 3 then described a little trick of the trade. which will be of special interest to American readers. It is the custom, it seems, for many of the shops to give out what are called shipping jobs, or work intended for export to America and elsewhere. On these jobs the workmen are paid considerably lower rates than for domestic jobs of the same quality. The British workman has to pay, or help the British consumer pay, the tariff levied on British goods sent through to America. As is quite natural, the men suspect the bosses of palming off bogus shipping jobs on them occasionally when times

I asked the young politician if he did not regard the home work as an evil, and if it would not be better that all the work be done in shops within the usual hours. His mother, who was listening with interest to the conversation, replied, "Oh, no, sir; it would be a great hardship to these people to work ten hours in the shop. They never could live by piece-work at the prices paid in that way."

Shoes naturally suggest socks and stockings, in the making of which as well as of knit underwear and gloves Nottingham's 200,000 or so inhabitants largely concern themselves. The trade is greatly prostrated from foreign competition, chiefly French and German. Mr. Mundella, M. P., a prominent manufacturer of the place, has set up a gigantic mill somewhere in Germany, I believe, and is playing his German employes against his English ones. Mr. Mundella is not very popular in Nottingham, and certainly could not be elected to Parliament there, but finds a kinder constituency further north.

Lace may not be exactly clothing, but a word upon cheap lace and its meaning is due when Nottingham is mentioned. The time of the Franco-German war was the palmy day of the ace trade. When the French and German lacemakers were fighting each other the Nottingham men earned sometimes \$20 a week. Ever since the French and Germans set to work again women has gone on from bad to worse. There are fewer machines running each year than the year before, the best men are | an operetta, which she hopes to make the suckept to run them and the rest have joined the | cess of her life.

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Will cost \$6,000,000. The extravagant young heathen! We venture to say that with all his yellow royalty he couldn't hold a candle to a free American citizen clothed in one of our

Fall and Winter Suits

As the latter stands before the parson with the hand of the girl he loves firmly clasped in his own. The styles we show have been selected with great care, and as to variety, quality, finish and excellence of goods and workmanship we equal any house in the wide West.

A specially fine line of SCHOOL SUITS. Give the boys a chance. Come and see these Suits.

In MEN'S SUITS we show elegant new styles: Three-Button Cutaways, Frocks, Prince Alberts and a beautiful line of stylish Double-Breasted Sacks.

On Monday and Tuesday only we will sell BOYS' LONG HOSE, worth 15 cents a pair, for 5 cents a pair.

A ticket to the Cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta given away with each Boy's or Man's Suit

ORIGINAL EAGLE

5 and 7 West Washington Street.

menacing army of the unemployed. The nominal earnings are about \$7.27 weekly for the men and from \$1.21 to \$3.63 for women and girls as menders, trimmers and finishers. The business is liable to sad interruptions, however, owing to whims in popular taste. A lace machine is a complicated affair, and it takes days, sometimes weeks, to alter a pattern. The lace-maker is paid, as a rule, nothing for time so spent.

Is clothing so very remarkably cheap in Eng-

That is a question which I hope to answer fully and satisfactorily in a later letter. There is only space here to say that it is an unquestioned fact, recognized by all authorities here, that the English consumer does not get the full benefit of cheap production. In order to hold and occupy foreign markets and combat hostile traffic manufacturers cut the prices on exported goods to the lowest notch and make their profit in the home market. In other words, they can better afford to sell 50 per cent. of their production at a profit at home, and send the rest abroad at cost, or even less, than to ruin the home market by flooding it. This is not a new trick or an unusual one. The French and Germans do the same, and I have even heard that American manufacturers are sometimes suspected of it. To another letter, also, must be deferred a description of the homes of the makers of English cheap clothing and their modes of life-matters quite as important as the mere question of wages, which has been here so briefly touched upon.

JOHN L. HEATON. The Editor's Breach of Promise.

Our amiable and geutlemanly sheriff entered our office day before yesterday, in his usual urbane manner, and announced that he must serve papers on us. It was a notice of a breach of promise suit against us by the Widow Clixby. who alleges that we have been toying with her heartstrings, and that it will take \$5,000 of our cash to settle her thoughts back to the old channel. It is another move on the part of our enemies to down us. We first met the widow Clixby twenty-eight days ago in Carter's grocery. She asked our opinion of herrings and we asked

She asked us to call at the house and see some poetry she had written on the rise and fall of the mastodon. We complied. We called there three or four times afterward, but only as a

On one occasion the widow showed us a clipping from an eastern paper to the effect that it was better for a man who had passed the age of twenty-three to marry a widow, if he was to marry, but we didn't bite.

We know our gait. If the widow Clixty can prove to the world that we have toyed with her affections we'll cheerfully go to jail. We are not on the toy. The widow will find us no jack rabbit, and the enemies who have encouraged this new move may hear something drop before the trial is over.

Patti's Earnings in South America. Interview with Marcus Meyer.

Buenos Ayres is a place of only 400,000 inhabitants, but Mme. Patti gave twenty four performances there at \$20 a seat and averaged \$18,-000 for each performance. At the same time Tomagno, the great tenor, was singing at the other theater to crowded houses at \$12 a seat. That is a record that neither New York, London nor Paris can equal. In Montevideo Mme. Patti gave eight performances, averaging \$14,000 each. While there the company struck and refused to go on to Rio de Janeiro on account of the yellow fever there. On Aug. 15 we sailed for England, and on Sept. 5 arrived at Patti's castie in Wales. The Coquelin-Hading company, which numbers thirty people all told, is now on the way here and will arrive about Oct. 5. Mme. Patti's profits for her South American tour will reach about \$200,000. I don't think she will sing in this country again, though she has more than once expressed a desire to do so.

How a Song Was Written.

New Orleans Picayune. Miss Effie I. Canning, a Maine girl, wrote the popular song, "Rock-a-By Baby." She was at Ocean Spray, a summer resort, when she began singing to it, improvising as she sang. The strain finally resolved itself into the nucleus of the "Rock-a-By" chorus. Afterwards, while traveling, Miss Canning thought out in a rough way the words which are associated with the tune. Subsequently she tried to play the tune on the banjo. Her teacher recognized the merit of the composition and advised her to have it published, which she did. The song at once be- have developed decided symptoms of softening came popular. Since then Miss Canning has composed several songs, and is now at work on

SHE DREAMED OF CHARLEY.

A Happy Vision and a Rude and Shameful Waking on a Horse Car.

In one corner of a crowded street-car crossing the Sixth-street bridge on Saturday evening sat a young lady of more than ordinary good looks. Her fellow-passengers had plenty of opportunity to gaze at her without embarassing her, for before the car was over the bridge she had dropped

The conductor evidently knew her, for he made no attempt to wake her when he came to her after collecting the rest of the fares. She did, indeed, look very pretty, her head resting slightly against the window frame, her lips just parted, and her face composed peacefully. There was a balf smile on her face as if her dreams were pleasant. She had probably been standing behind a dry goods counter all day long. The men, and the women, too, were careful not to touch even the hem of the sleeping girl's

dress as they passed out, one by one.

By the time the car had crossed the Allegheny parks only the sleeper and a gentleman who was reading a paper were left in the car. Just then the conductor entered the car and remarked to the gentleman: "I shall have to wake her; she

The conductor laid his hand on the sleeping girl's shoulder and gave her the least possible bit of a shake, while with the other hand he rang the bell for the driver to stop the car. The girl rose at once, but, though she did this and opened her eyes also, she was evidently still in dreamland. Her lips moved and she said, almost in a whisper:

"There, it's 10 o'clock; didn't you hear the clock strike? Let me go, I say-please let me go. Charley!" and then she suddenly stopped, put her hands to her face, and without a word more ran out of the car, wide awaks and blushing like sixty.

Maria Mitchell, the Famous Astronomer.

Dr. Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer, is now living quietly at the home of her sister in Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, in her "Lives of Girls Who Became Famous," gives an interesting description of this scholarly woman. Miss Mitchell modestly tells her friends that she was born of "only ordinary capacity, but extraordinary persistency." She read good books early in life. She says: "We always had books and were bookish people." Like the majority of the great women New England has given us, her parents were extremely poor. Her childhood was a continuous chapter of struggles and deprivations. At nineteen she accepted the position of librarian of the Athenæum Library at a salary of \$60 the first year and \$75 the second. For twenty years Miss Mitchell worked in this library, never receiving more than \$100 a year. As there were not many readers on the little island in those days she had ample time for study. It was in October, 1847, that she discovered the comet that brought her fame. In 1857 she visited England, where she met Sir John and Lady Herschel and Alexander Von Humboldt. In 1865 Vassar College was opened, and three years later, when the observatory was completed, she was prevailed upon to accept a professorship, which she held for twenty years.

When a Clergyman Is a Coward. New York Tribune.

Said a well-known clergyman the other day: 'My experience is that, as a rule, clergymen are very cruel to a brother clergyman who is under a cloud, just as women are pitiless to a woman in trouble, and for the same reason. Some years ago a clerical friend of mine was accused of a disgraceful act. He was not guilty, but for a time appearances were against him. Still it was morally impossible that he could be guilty. And yet not one of his friends in the ministry, except myself stood up for him, and even I was ostracised by my brethren for taking his part. In a short time, fortunately, his innocence was clearly proved, and then his clerical brethren were very anxious to show their friendliness to him. But he never forgave them for their cowardice. The fact is, the average clergyman is so afraid of being compromised by scandal that he becomes a coward in such cases. If I had the say in the matter I would extend the course of theological students by putting them for a year or two in some good business house, where they could learn a little of the hard-headed horse sense in which we persons are so deficient."

A Free-Trade Editor.

Pittsburg Chronic.e. Mr. W. M. Singerly, the wealthy editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Record, is said to of the brain.

HALL'S Hair Renewer makes the hair soft and glossy, and it is a valuable hair dressing